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This may consist in its form, or it may be its color—if, in the impression we receive from it, we receive a pleasure which does not arise from an *intellectual consciousness* of its fitness of position or condition, but from a pure and unperplexed sensation of spiritual exaltation, arising from the contemplation of it as an unintelligent object of sight, we may be sure that it is owing to the recognition of the presence of Beauty. The exact nature of Beauty, and the precise manner in which it acts on the mind of man, we shall investigate in the succeeding chapters.

UNPAINTED PICTURES.

By Anna Mary Howitt,

Author of "An Art-Student in Munich,"
NO. I.

A DESCENDANT OF THE VIKINGS.

November 21, 1854.—Lately in the evenings we have read aloud "Worsaae's Danes and Norwegians in Great Britain;" thus my mind naturally has dwelt much upon our heroic Scandinavian ancestors, and the traces which still linger amongst us of those stern old times. This morning, whilst preparing for the day's painting, besides visions of pictures to be drawn direct from Scandinavian story, and which were to be symbols of the great and universal "Battle of Life," there floated into my mind the thought, that spirit, even upon this earth, asserts its immortality, and how we have a proof of this at the present moment, in the undaunted courage and endurance of our soldiers in the Crimea, who are quickened by the self-same dogged heroism which animated their old Scandinavian forefathers.

Whilst thus meditating, I was summoned suddenly from my work to speak to an old beggar who had knocked timidly at the door. "Do come down to see the old fellow!" exclaimed my summoner, "he is marvellously picturesque, and has the very head to paint as a king of Thule, or as a dying Viking!"

In the raw dampness of the November morning, I found, standing without the door, a tall, spectral old man with a crippled leg; he was trembling all over with age and cold. He offered cabbage-nets and Lucifer matches for sale. Nothing more poverty-stricken and wan could well be imagined; he looked so feeble and ghostly that one felt as if the first rude winter's blast must blow him away altogether. His hair, which hung from beneath the folds of a bluish green handkerchief, which was tightly bound over his head, was thin, long, and white as snow. His beard, also, was silvery white; his whole countenance bore the stamp of a singular refinement; his nose was delicately arched, and finely chiselled, and his deeply set eyes gleamed with a keen and clear brilliancy, in strange contrast with the hollowness of his cheeks, which had the yellow tints and texture of old parchment. These strange eyes were the eyes of a youth, gleaming forth in the sockets of an aged veteran. "Such a countenance truly," thought I, "must the old Jarl Siward, Macbeth's opponent, have had; he whose dying words Henry of

Huntington has chronicled," and out of respect for the memory of the old Jarl and his heroic dying words, I bade the beggar enter and warm himself by the blazing kitchen fire."

"And how," asked I, "did you injure your leg?"

"That, miss, was off the African coast," he replied; "my leg was shattered by a shell."

"You were a sailor, then?" I remarked, still thinking of the old Scandinavian seakings.

"Yes," he said; "he had been both sailor and soldier for many long years; had fought under Nelson and Wellington; was eighty-two years of age; had been in ten fierce engagements; had been in the Battle of the Baltic, the Battle of the Nile, and at Trafalgar; had been close to Nelson when he fell; he had been wounded by bayonet, by shell, and by musket; he had faced death in horrible forms by sea and by land, and yet death had not yet vanquished him." And, as the old warrior spoke, his strange eye gleamed yet more brightly, and his voice became strong and clear. The soul of the old Scandinavian ancestor I felt was quick within him. With old dying Siward he might have exclaimed, "How shameful it is for me that I have never been slain in my numerous battles, but have been saved only to die with disgrace at last, like an old cow!"

But William Robinson, the old sailor and soldier of the nineteenth century, was filled with a gentler philosophy than that of Siward in the eleventh. Dropping his head upon his breast, and trembling with age and cold, though he sat upon the warm kitchen hearth, he folded his thin, yellow hands, and said: "Night and day, day and night, do I pray our Lord God to take me. He saved me in battle, and upon the sea, and in hospital. I pray Him now to take me, for my blood is no stronger than water, my wounds ache night and day, and I have no home. I pray our good Lord to take me soon, soon, and I know that He will hear me!"

"How," said I, filled with a great compassion for the aged veteran, whose majestic figure shook like an aspen leaf—"how is it that you have not been pensioned, have not been provided for in Greenwich or in Chelsea—for, according to your account, you have a double claim upon your country?"

He replied that he had his shilling a day, which was his staff of life, and that he had had an offer of a home in Greenwich, but that his wife was then living, and he could not endure to be parted from her. "She was more than my right hand to me," he said, "and was always slaving away, and always kept home bright and snug; but, now she is dead, and I wander about as you see me." Of his children he had a long and doleful history to relate. It was a chronicle of the death of the good and kind, and of the ingratitude of the living. There truly was the history of a life in which all the stern endurance and combative nature of the old Viking ancestor, had full scope once more to assert itself!

December 18.—The old soldier has been here again. We have ascertained why he is not a pensioner in Greenwich or Chelsea. The poor old fellow had the conscience to confess to his expulsion from Greenwich!

Alas, like many an old Scandinavian ancestor, he had been vanquished by the Demons of Drunkenness! The love of a wandering life seems very life in him. How could he rest contentedly between four walls month after month, and year after year, with nothing more enlivening or adventurous than a stroll through Greenwich or Chelsea? The old Scandinavian heroes, when they died, desired to have their funeral mounds raised high above them, their corpses close to the margin of the restless ocean, so that the spirit, when it grew weary of the narrow, quiet grave, might rise up through the mound and gaze forth over the vast expanse of tossing billows, and then become refreshed by a sense of immensity, liberty, and action. This deep, mighty yearning after freedom and restless life, is rooted firmly into the heart of many a wretched vagabond, and is the stirring of the old ancestral blood within his veins. O, magistrates and boards of guardians, how callous are your hearts towards these mysterious, poetic, Scandinavian yearnings which agitate the bosoms of the vagabond wretches brought up before you!

I like to hear the beggar veteran ramble on in discourse. I have been making a study of his fine old head, and whilst I paint, he "spins long yarns." This morning he commenced talking about the great white bears he has seen prowling around the watch-fires when out upon an Arctic expedition; of the glories of the transient Arctic summer he spoke, and of the sublime marvels of the aurora; of combats with blacks upon the coasts of Africa, and of the burning skies of India. Something led him to speak of dreams. "Do I believe in dreams?" said he, "of course I do, miss, and so would you, did you know all the things which I have known."

"What have you known," asked I.

"I'll tell you, miss, the first remarkable dream that ever I had to do with, and then you may judge for yourself whether I have not reason to think dreams are often prophecies. I must tell you," pursued the old man, "that I was quite a little chap when my mother dreamed the dream that I'm going to tell you. My father had married late in life a young woman. I never remember him anything but quite an old man. We lived down in Cambridgeshire. My mother took in washing, and my father, old man as he was, was letter-carrier for the neighborhood. And wild, desolate places there was in those parts seventy and odd years ago, I can tell you. My father often tramped above thirty mile a day—for, though he was old, he was a very hale man for his years; and a man as tall and strong as you'd wish to see. Sometimes it was no uncommon thing for him to be out on his rounds for a couple or three days together, so we never used to think anything of his absence. Once, when he was away, one winter's night, or rather early in the morning—I remember it as clear as though it were last week, and yet it is above seventy years ago—mother woke me up suddenly; I was a little bit of a chap, and slept in a little crib beside my mother's bed—and, says she, looking very scared—"Bill, I know your father's dead—something has happened to father!" Her face was as white as the sheet, and the bed shook under her, she trembled so with a kind of an ague. 'Lord o' mercy, child—

I've had such a frightful dream! I saw your father lying dead upon the snow, a horrid black something was fluttering about him, and his face was all streaming with blood! I'm certain sure he's dead, Bill, certain sure! She was a strong woman, miss, not one of those who takes on, and cries and worries about trifles. She got up in the cold winter's morning, and began her work just as usual. I don't remember her shedding a tear, but she bustled about more than usual, and never spoke a word. It might have been about twelve o'clock or so that same day, when playing at the door in the snow, I saw a man all in a hurry running along up the lane till he came within sight of the open door, when he stopped all of a sudden, as if considering. Mother had seen him too, and pushing aside her wash-tub, said, hurriedly—'There, child, he's come to tell us of father's death!' and was out, like a flash of lightning, talking to the man. I don't now remember clearly what next happened, only that I fancy mother and I went off straight with the man, and we must have walked, I fancy, a precious long way through the snow, till we came to a church. There was a crowd of people in the church, all talking and looking at something which was stretched on planks upon the floor. Mother gave a great screech, and rushed between the people and sat herself down, sobbing upon the ground, close up to a strange thing which at first I took for a bundle of old clothes, but which I soon saw was the dead body of my father, sure enough. He had been frozen to death upon a wide heath which we had crossed in coming to the church. He must have lain dead some time upon the snow, for when he was found his face was all mangled and bloody—the famished crows having picked out his right eye. Thus, you see, miss, I have reason to think that dreams sometimes foretell things!"

April 10, 1855. It is a long time since the old soldier has been here. I fear my study from his head will never be completed. No tidings can I gain about him at his miserable lodgings in Cat-Court, except that on the temporary breaking up of the frost in January, he set off into the country, saying that he should be away for a few days; but has not yet returned. The bitter cold of February, and the cheerless, biting east winds of this ungenial spring, have most probably extinguished the flickering flame of his feeble old life. It is well to believe, that at length the aged wanderer has entered into his rest, or to picture his regenerated spirit, so restless upon the earth, released from fleshy bonds, recommencing a nobler and more wanderous pilgrimage through the boundless plains of eternity.

A KIND OF DREAM.

PENANCE 'TIS VAGARY—a kind of dream,
And as in dreams we think that all is true,
So to approve we must be dreamy too,
For poets think not that their raptures seem.
Ingenuous nonsense, Newton called the Art;
He heard no symphonies among the stars,
But felt straightaway to calculate the jars,
If but one from his wonted orb did start.
The light by which we judge him in his spells,
Should be the halo that his themes assume,
The radiance from the truths his spirit tells,
And let our knowledge settle in a gloom,
Or else 'tis like a candle, that dispels
The wierd and witching flames of twilight room.

JUSTIN WINSON.

Reminiscences.

DESULTORY.

By Rembrandt Peale.

THE English painter, ROBERT E. PINE, arrived in this country with good letters of recommendation, which brought him into favor, especially with Francis Hopkinson and Robert Morris, who built him a house to accommodate his family on the ground floor, whilst the upper part comprised a painting-room and a spacious, sky-lighted hall to display his collection of paintings, chiefly consisting of copies from large pictures by Reynolds, together with his own original historical works: but, as in this department of Art he soon found that his arrival here was premature, he felt himself obliged to depend on portrait-painting. I was informed in London that his coming to America, was not so much from admiration of our Republican institutions, as arising from his disappointment, after the death of Reynolds, not to be considered his most worthy successor.

Accustomed only to my father's small gallery of paintings, when I entered Mr. Pine's spacious saloon, I was astonished at its magnitude and the richness of the paintings which covered its walls, associating the glory of Reynolds with the emulating talents of his aspiring pupil; and when I was, with my father, admitted to his painting-room, my surprise was increased on seeing a very small and slender man as the author of the great works I had just left. He seemed to my young mind as a conjuror with his mahl-stick wand, and the rainbow tints of his palette. His coloring was certainly good, but his execution flimsy. I was particularly pleased with a fine copy of Reynold's portrait of *Mrs. Siddons* as the Tragic Muse.

Not finding sufficient employment by portraiture in a city chiefly inhabited by Quakers and the descendants of economical Germans, he was obliged to seek it by travelling into the Southern States; and his custom was, on small, thin pieces of canvas, to paint the heads of his sitters, making, on paper, pencil sketches of their figures; so that on his return home, having pasted his heads upon larger canvases, he and his two daughters could rapidly finish them. It happened in more than one instance that he made mistakes with his pencil sketches and gave his subjects bodies that belonged to other persons—on one occasion for a slender figure substituting one of portly dimensions.

The uncultivated state of public taste, which had permitted Boydell's invoice of fine engravings to be sent back to London, without one purchaser, and that did not remunerate Mr. Pine the expense of his gallery, nor furnish him any employment but that of his ill-relished portraiture, compelled him to leave our savage country—and I believe he died on his passage to England. I do not remember hearing the fate of his daughters. A painting by Pine was purchased in Canada by Henry Brevoort, which I recognized as his portrait of Washington, which had produced no sensation in Philadelphia.

MR. PRATT, of whom a notice was published in THE CRAYON, was a student with Mr. West before my father went to Eng-

land in 1769. He was considered but an indifferent painter, incapable of profiting by the opportunities he had in England; but he was an unambitious and a good man—contented in his humble sphere, whilst his son, Henry Pratt, the great merchant, enjoyed and displayed a princely fortune, having no taste for painting, but spending on his estate of Lemon Hill (now belonging as a park to the city of Philadelphia) four thousand dollars a year in his green-houses and gardens, although he and his family seldom spent a month at the place, which was deemed unhealthy.

A singular instance of the *ingenuity* of Mr. Pratt was displayed when, being commissioned to paint a Crucifixion as an altarpiece for the German Trinity Church, he painted the entire picture, on the floor of his small painting-room, on sheets of paste-board, which he tacked together in the church, where he corrected and retouched it.

It is an error to say that FRANCIS GUY was a tailor, and first developed a talent for painting by copying pictures lent him by Robert Gilmore. He was a silk-dyer in England, but finding no employment in his profession in Baltimore, he boldly undertook to become an artist, though he did not know how to draw. His wife encouraged the idea, and by her industry and frugality maintained themselves, whilst he prosecuted his studies, which he accomplished in a novel and ingenious manner. He constructed a tent, which he could erect at pleasure, wherever a scene of interest offered itself to his fancy. A window was contrived, the size of his intended pictures—this was filled up with a frame, having stretched on it a piece of black gauze. Regulating his eyesight by a fixed notch, a little distance from the gauze, he drew with chalk all the objects as seen through the medium, with perfect perspective accuracy. This drawing being conveyed to his canvas, by simple pressure from the back of his hand, he painted the scene from Nature, with a rapidly-improving eye, so that in a few days his landscape was finished, and his tent conveyed in a cart to some other inviting locality. In this manner he continued his studies, till he produced four pictures of extraordinary merit, as rough transcripts from Nature. They were exhibited in the ball-room of Bryden's Hotel, and soon found purchasers at twenty-five dollars each. Whilst he continued this mode of study, his pictures were really good—but, excited by the reputation he was gaining, he afterwards *manufactured* landscapes with such vigor that I have known him to display in the *sunshine*, on a lot contiguous to his residence near the city, forty large landscapes, which were promptly disposed of by raff. He painted standing, stepping frequently back to study the general effect, and taking a *huge* pinch of snuff from a large open jar—perhaps in emulation of Mr. Stuart—then advancing with dramatic energy to his picture, first flourishing his pencil in the air, executed the leaves of his trees, with flat brushes and cut quill-feathers, as he imagined no one had ever done before. He afterwards removed to Brooklyn, but failed to surprise the amateurs of New York.

The designs in competition for the Washington Monument, erected in Baltimore, were displayed in the City Library, and